

Poetry Bundle – The Transition of A Life

Constraints and Conformity - 1

Everyone was once dependent on someone,

but that should only be for the short run.

Because one always becomes more experienced with time,

the others will find out about their chimes.

How they are different from others, unique,

in the way they learn, in the way they speak,

in the things they are able and willing to do.

As one's green, when someone else is blue.

But somehow, something once demanded

everyone to be the same, exactly how it wanted.

As we grow up in nothing but constraints,

there quickly comes a time to shed off the paint.

With a puzzle, with an artwork,

everyone shows their own perks.

But, for others try to prevent,

one only becomes more and more bent,

until they break apart,

until what's left is no longer smart.

Unable to see the world in their own way,

unable to add color to things only fading to gray.

Creativity Calls – 2

The beauty of the human creation,
is something that can only lead to joy.
To acquaintance, to hope, to elation.
Especially as a young girl, a young boy.
One always thinks about the time to come,
about what to do later, what to make of one's dreams.
As a scribble comes, a faint hum,
art only has to come from little beams.
As they come together for a show,
they form shapes and lines and landscapes,
they each continue to always grow.
Continue to form, each following their own tape.
Created by those willing to share their way,
as they bend and side with a person.
Each ending as a spray,
only for the will of others to worsen.
As the lines are only seen,
just known, only captured,
by those who arrived, just have been
there to see what made someone enraptured.
Once one sees an inner being younger than them,
one realizes there is a deeper meaning to oneself,
that they are only way more as the stem
and that no one can ever be off the shelf.
Creativity calls.

Love of Learning – 3

Every child comes with an infinite love of learning,

a love which never disappears.

As the child captures everything it sees and hears,

something that leads to an immense earning.

It is something that prepares them for life,

encourages them to walk around, it makes them wonder.

But as they grow, that love, that wonder, is quickly put under,

as they find themselves in a loss, creating a dangerous strife.

And the loss of will bites through all interest that remains,

all that the child is, becomes a hull that can be told how to think,

what was left to grow, is forced to stop expanding, even to shrink.

As eventually, there is not just one hole, there is a multitude of strains.

Strains that end up leaving the child with nothing to create but stress,

leading to the last little drops of humanity to fall off their heart,

and that slowly becoming more and more tired and weary, as it falls apart.

It's hollowing a pumpkin, the knife is only for them to aggress.

The only thing such a hurt child may wish for is revenge.

To not become a stranger of themselves, just a cog in a machine,

but rather to improve beyond that, to become what they have always been.

The first step that comes up in their mind is to catch the press, to avenge.

But when one finally is able to do what they want,

their interests instantly return, like a reveal of curiosity!

For some, this happens earlier than adulthood, leading to precocity.

But they always remain haunted by questions, as their interests are caught.

Once the box is open, what's trapped comes out, a spring bounces towards light.

The oppressed realizes there are infinitely many ways to go,

to let others see that all they want is to find to where they want to grow.

As they realize what the world has to offer to them, they jump in delight!

But at the end, they forget what their old questions have been.

Craving of Interests

One day, as we walk off the paving,

as we have a lot we are craving

It's not to end up somewhere we know,

but rather to find the answers of now.

The answers to many known questions,

but we find just hints, mere suggestions

that lead to one final answer that none have.

But as a progress that slowly can halve,

and only once we're out of our shells.

Away from the structured, we can excel.

And can the greatest of the mind stay

outside of a tray that others have made.

As it walks away, it changes shape,

and its holder slowly changes with it.

They create, they find, they become misfit.

Different from others, their own self.

As one sees to remember oneself,

one finds what they really are inside.

And thus one makes more children than others.

Children of the mind, kind to mothers.

As they are all well carefully planned,

made by small and big marks of the hand,

of one process that can last for long,

longer than a year, as one stays strong.

But as the marks come on the paper,

and some get taken by the scraper

one can see how their child will end up.

And then, one day, it's time for hangup.

To let oneself and others see what became

part of a family, slow and tame.

The Strange Person – 4

In every street, there are some you would not expect,
but that simply don't seem totally wrecked.

They talk to themselves, they don't face forward,
they appear like they have come from Dorward.

A place in their own mind, where they see
everything their mind produces to be.

A world on its own, with but its own rules,
from which one can make all kinds of jewels.

Things that one appreciates with others,
that are only coming out of druthers,
that may seem unusual to many,
but are familiar to some or plenty.

The ones that make crazy conversations
that can well be the future foundations
that support another unique artist.

One who may not be the planet's smartest
but definitely with a unique mindset.

The kind who makes with no drops of sweat,
and continues for weeks, months, even years!

A start becomes nice for the eyes and ears,
the result becomes outright surprising!

While the will lasts, there is one thing that's rising,
and that is all the creativity
one person has, none in captivity.

As just one wired person turns a dull place
into not one wired and wonderous space.

Changing Minds– 5

When the world has a lot of things with ‘right’ and ‘wrong,
there are some great exceptions, just like the humble song.

It can be any way the creator desires it to!

As they create but a pattern for them to do.

Along with the painter, the writer, the actor,
as the product is not just of one small factor.

It is of all experiences in the world
most compacted, interconnected and all curled.
Just by coincidence, the consciousness of one
is altered significantly when one is done
thinking about the world around them, looking through.

Leading to all different colors: red, green, brown, blue
to find their place in an already well-known place,
but one that is altered, moved away from its base.

But then, the place slowly erodes, becomes less true
it’s like your head being covered by not one shoe.

Then, all at once, when one comes to reality,
one feels like it is soon falling back to the sea.

Then, one simply has to return into the mind
to see somewhere else completely for one to find.

Then, all of a sudden, comes a world completely strange,
different from the last, in an infinite range!

One that breeds more ideas than will once be born!

And places that slowly erode, but are never worn.

Then, come waves of creativity and new thought,
followed by short times of emptiness and a drought
sweeping through one, changing opinions and ideas.

Then, something wants to get out, to where the sea is,
and then, it is out of control of the first head.

It quickly grows large and wild, ready for rapid spread.

Creativity's Start - 6

Where does creativity come from?

It's more than wishing for activity.

Creativity is a great gift,

but no one knows what gives the great lift.

Away from being merely a pulse,

into a will to make a convulse

another from what one dreams about

and comes into the world around them.

One person, young and very willing

can be strong as they are fulfilling.

They simply see beyond understanding

and are continuous in their standing

around others who may find their crave,

until it's all met with a long wave.

But what makes them crave their own making?

Is it giving hope to one shaking?

Or is it more vital than we think?

As creativity makes a way

to solve giant problems that outweigh

just a desire to give fun to all

who look behind or against their own wall.

Maybe it helps us find hidden spots

filled with information, to last dots.

Or maybe it's the other way 'round:

that it leads to great visions not bound

by what we see, and helps find our way

in a learning forest, here to stay.

And that when it is kept at hold,

all learning will end until one's told.

But when it is left to roam freely

one learns what it can find, ideally.

Changing Routine - 7

Once upon a time, when one was young and pristine,
they find their own way of life, no one forces routine.

As they find out what feels comfortable for them,
and from where those moments all come onto their thumb,
they will all and each become more than very smart!

Able to do things beyond the reach of our heart.

But that's exactly why we try to keep that hidden.

For fear of us becoming completely ridden.

But that fear, when played upon, justifies itself.

As they start looking far beyond the small bookshelf.

They want to eliminate those who oppress them,
which ends up causing uncontrollable mayhem.

They should have nothing to gain from brute force attacks.

Rather, we should see what keeps them on their own tracks!

As children find a new place, lots of hidden gems found
out of the blue, beyond anyone's implicit bound!

Then, at once, they can't think of rebelling against adults,
rather working together, with unknown results.

Going to the Future - 8

Whenever one sees a child pass by,
looks into the large, curious eye,
they see a glimpse of a new world
ready to become quickly unfurled.

Despite their relatively small length
they have an unbeatable mental strength.

One that cuts through locks like a sharp blade,
catching what's behind them, in a shade.

If one can't see what they can see,
they can often talk to one for free.

But it's impossible to ask them,
as they love too to stay in the shade
hidden away from the expected
to be linked to us, more connected.

When one sees a child playing around,
don't stop them, let them remain unbound,
for they thrust all in a time unseen.

A time that they no longer find mean.

Education

As the world around us changes beyond one's sight,
the time is coming to do exactly what is right.

What moves one forward, towards future successes,
as one first defines their choices on lucky guesses,
do they realize the logic that is behind choices.

It's all about finding one's self, with simple voices
hidden inside them, that steer them just about correct.

But when this star is contained, it can only be wrecked,
as it needs time and space to move through the universe,
to find its materials to build up a large purse.

One that fits all the crafts and cravings that twinkle has,
to find the thing it can easily be, or act as.